

# THE HISTORY OF

## JACK SPRATT



J. CATNACH, PRINTER,  
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*April*

THE HISTORY  
OF  
**JACK SPRATT**  
AND  
**HIS CAT.**

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JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so between them both,  
They lick'd the platter clean.



For Jack eat all the lean,  
And Joan eat all the fat,  
The bone they pick'd clean,  
And gave it to the cat.

## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

When Jack Spratt was young  
He dress'd very smart,  
He courted Jane Cole  
Till he gain'd her heart.



In his fine leather doublet,  
And greasy old hat.  
O, what a fine fellow  
Was little Jack Spratt.

## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt was the bridegroom,  
Miss Cole was the bride,  
Jack said from the church door  
His Joan home should ride.



But no coach could take her,  
The street was so narrow,  
So without much ado,  
He took her home in a barrow.



## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack brought home his Joan,  
And she sat in a chair,  
When in came the cat  
That had got but one ear.



yes Joan I've come home,  
Pray how do you do,  
The cat wagged her tail,  
And said nothing but- Mew

## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

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Then Joan went to market  
To buy her some fowls,  
She bought a Jack Daw  
And a couple of Owls.



The owls they were white,  
And the Jack Daw was black,  
They'll make a rare breed,  
Says little Joan Spratt.

## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

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Jack Spratt bought a Cow,  
His Joan for to please,  
For Joan, she could make  
Both butter and cheese,



Or pancakes and puddings  
Without any fat,  
A notable housewife,  
Was little Joan Spratt.



## JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Joan Spratt went to brewing  
A barrel of Ale,  
She put in some hops  
That it might not turn stale.



But as for the malt,  
She forgot to put that,  
This is brave sober liquor,  
Says little Jack Spratt.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt went to market,  
And bought him a mare,  
She was lame and quite blind,  
And she could not stare.



Besides she'd the tooth ache,  
He could not cure that,  
I wish she was a hunter,  
Says little Jack Spratt.



## THE HORSE.

Of all quadrupeds those of the horse kind merit a distinguished place in natural history; their beauty, strength, activity and usefulness, all contribute to render them the principal objects of our care and attention; a race of creatures in whose welfare we are peculiarly interested. The Arabs are particularly solicitous in the breed of their horses, they treat them with the utmost humanity, and never use the spur but in cases of the most urgent necessity. Of the attachment they bear to these noble and useful animals, St. Pierre, in his *Studies of Nature*, relates an affecting instance:—"The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the desert consisted of a beautiful mare, this the French consul offered to purchase, with an intention to send it to Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money which he named, the consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab who was so indigent as to possess only a miserable covering for his body. Arriving with his magnificent courser, he dismounted, and looking first at the gold and then steadfastly at the mare, sighed deeply and exclaimed; "To whom is it I am going to yield thee up? to Europeans—who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable—return with me my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children. As he pronounced these last words, he sprang upon her back and was out of sight almost in a minute.

The English horses are now become superior to those of every other part of the world, both in size and beauty, and are capable of performing what no other ever could attain to, by a judicious mixture of the several kinds, by a happy difference of our soil, and by our superior skill in management. They are known to excel the Arabian in size and swiftness, to be more durable than the Barb, and more hardy than the Persian. An ordinary racer is known to go at the rate of a mile in two minutes; and we had an instance in the famous Childers of still greater rapidity, he has frequently been known to move above eighty-two feet and a half in a second, or almost mile in one minute, and he has been known to run round the course at Newmarket, which is very little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds.

But it is not to the English races alone that all the good qualities of the horse is confined; the following will show that they are possessed in an eminent degree by the other breeds of this useful animal. In the year 1745, the post-master of Stretton rode on different horses along the road to and from London, no less than two hundred and fifteen miles in eleven hours and a half, a rate of above eighteen miles an hour; and in the summer of 1788, a horse belonging to a gentleman went 30 miles in an hour and 25 minutes, which is at the rate of 20 miles an hour.